

£25,000 FREE GIFT FOR CHILDREN: FULL DETAILS ON PAGE 2

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

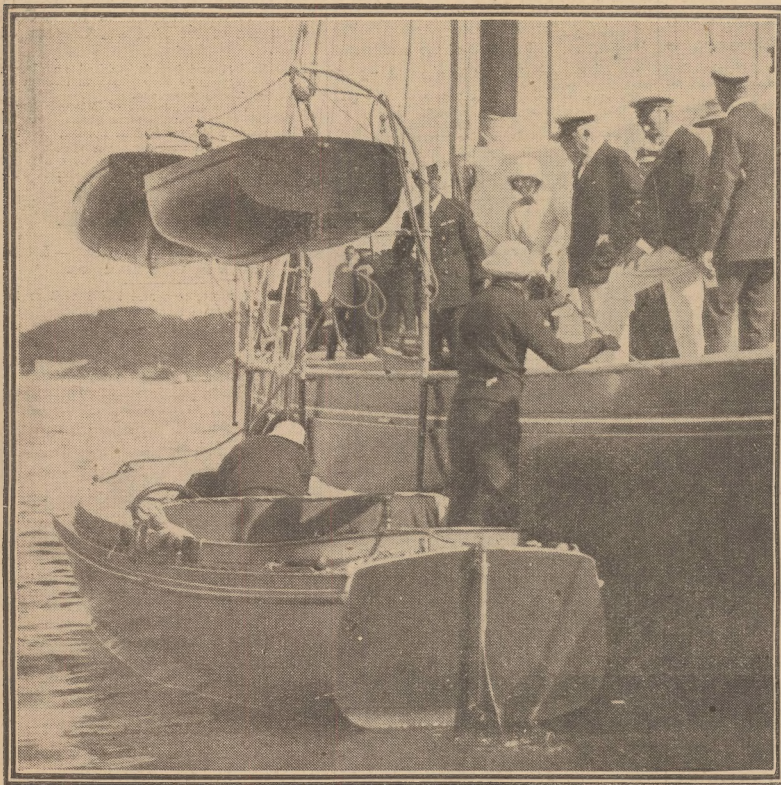
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One Penny.

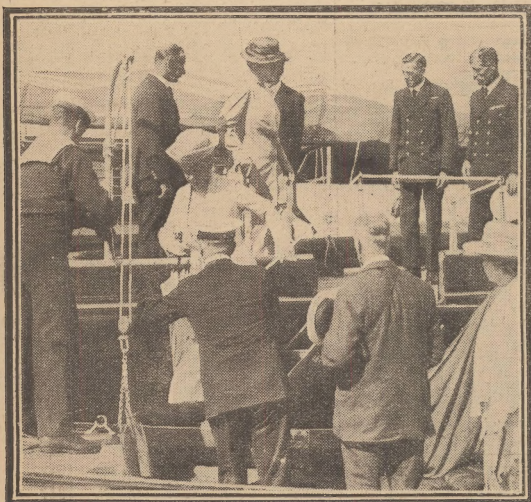
THE KING AND HIS SUBJECTS GO ON HOLIDAY



The King and the Duke of Connaught looking at the new launch of the King's racing yacht Britannia.



Just off to the seaside and full of joy at the prospect.



The Queen stepping from the Britannia to the yacht's new launch.



Saturday's huge crowd at Victoria waiting for trains for the seaside and the country.

The King and all his subjects have gone on holiday in this glorious summer weather. The King, who is accompanied by the Queen, is at Cowes for the regatta week, and is on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. The King's racing yacht Britannia is also there,

and will take part in the regatta. Lured from London by the bright, warm sunshine, huge crowds on Saturday filled the railway termini and made a glad progress to the sea, the river and the country.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

£25,000 OFFER TO CHILDREN.

Widespread Welcome for "Daily Mirror" Scheme.

TEACHING THRIFT.

Free Savings Certificates for Big Collections.

The announcement on Saturday's *Daily Mirror* that this journal is establishing a Children's Savings Fund of £25,000, in which any child under fifteen years of age may participate, has been received with delight throughout the United Kingdom.

Never in the history of journalism has newspaper enterprises launched such a colossal scheme for the benefit of children.

The old-fashioned virtue of thrift, which modern conditions have tended to undermine, should flourish once again under the inspiration of the scheme.

It will teach children the value of pence, and the method by which pence may become pounds.

SIMPLICITY OF SCHEME.

Special Benefits for Children Who Save Certificates in Big Numbers.

A feature of the scheme that commands universal approval is its simplicity. Even the child mind can understand it.

All a child has to do is to collect the Children's Savings Certificates that are printed daily on the back page of *The Daily Mirror*, and in due course they can be changed into cash or National Savings Certificates.

For the benefit of those who missed Saturday's announcement, details of the scheme may be briefly summarised.

In order to encourage children under fifteen years of age to cultivate the habit of thrift, *The Daily Mirror* is printing each day a Children's Savings Certificate. It will be found on our back picture page.

These certificates should be collected by children from every source possible. They will naturally secure the certificate every day from *The Daily Mirror* purchased by their parents. Then they should go further afield in their quest. Neighbours and relatives should be persuaded to help in swelling the children's collection. A resourceful child will accumulate quite a large number every day in this way.

NO LIMIT.

When a child has collected ninety-six certificates, *The Daily Mirror* will redeem them for one shilling. For 192, two shillings will be paid, and so on.

There is no limit to the number any child may send in, provided that not fewer than ninety-six are forwarded, any one time. All in excess of that number must be in multiples of forty-eight.

It must be clearly understood that forty-eight certificates sent in by themselves are of no value, but each batch of forty-eight sent in with ninety-six certificates is worth 6d., the whole, of course, being worth 1s. 6d.

So that if a child sends in ninety-six certificates he or she will receive 1s. 6d. (i.e., ninety-six plus forty-eight) of the certificates are sent in 1s. 6d. will be paid; for 192 certificates 2s. will be paid; for 240 certificates 2s. 6d. will be paid, and so on.

The Daily Mirror proposes to reward special diligence by increasing benefits to those children who collect certificates in large numbers.

TABLE OF REWARDS.

In the ordinary way any boy or girl who collected 2,976 certificates would receive two National Savings Certificates worth sixteen shillings each.

It will not be necessary, however, to send in so many to receive that reward. The number has been fixed at 2,950. And so on.

The table below explains itself:—

For 2,950 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	2 National Savings Certificates	£1:12
For 4,400 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	3 National Savings Certificates	£2: 8
For 5,850 Children's Savings Certificates the sender will receive	4 National Savings Certificates	£3: 4

No other picture paper offers such inducements as are given under this scheme.

The wise child will wait until he or she has collected 1,488 certificates (representing a value of 15s. 6d.), for then *The Daily Mirror* will present the sender with a National Savings Certificate issued by the Government for 15s. In five years' time that certificate will be worth £1, and in ten years it will be worth £1 6s.

Parents and guardians should encourage children to aim at seeing the benefits of the scheme, as it definitely forms the foundations of a child's savings. As those savings accumulate, the child will feel encouraged to add whatever money comes from other sources, and in

(Continued on page 15.)

DIAMONDS MYSTERY.

Man Detained in S. America at Bow-Street To-day.

LINER SEARCH SEQUEL.

There may be a sequel at Bow-Street to-day to the detention in South America of Samuel Gilbert, a Hatton-garden merchant, on a charge in connection with the disappearance of diamonds worth many thousands of pounds.

He was detained at Montevideo, and arrived in Liverpool during the week-end in charge of Detective Sergeant Mugridge, of New Scotland Yard.

Several weeks after Gilbert left Hatton-garden inquiries by wireless elicited that he was a passenger on the liner Highland Loch.

Instructions for his detention were sent to Las Palmas, but when the message reached there the ship had left.

When it arrived at Montevideo, however, two detectives met Gilbert.

He was later handed over to Detective Sergeant Mugridge. They returned to England on the Highland Frigate.

Gilbert, a stoutly built man of middle age, who can speak several languages, was allowed complete liberty on the liner, and the fact that he was a prisoner was unknown to any of his fellow-passengers.

PRINCE HENRY'S MISHAP

Royal Family's Surgeon Visits Him in Hospital at Aldershot.

Prince Henry, who is an inmate of the Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot, has been visited by Sir Hugh Rigby, surgeon to the Royal family.

The Prince met with the accident while at mounted training, and a minor operation has been carried out, a small fragment of bone being removed from the injured ankle.

Prince Henry maintains a merry disposition, and treats the affair very lightly. His equerry, Captain Stanforth, is kept busy answering inquiries regarding his Royal Highness, and gives the assurance that the patient is going on very well indeed.

TWO ROAD TRAGEDIES.

Well-Known Railway Official Dies from Injuries—Motor-Cyclist Killed.

Mr. C. W. Kent, assistant stationmaster at King's Cross Station, who was knocked down by a motor-cycle in Green-lanes, N., has died in the North Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton. He was well known to the travelling public.

Leslie William Thomas, a motor-cyclist, of Handsworth, Birmingham, was instantly killed on Saturday night through colliding with a motor-charabanc between Broad Clist and Culmington, Devon.

He was on his way to join his parents, who were staying at Paignton.

The six persons injured in the motor-cycle accident at Finchley-road, London, on Saturday are progressing favourably in hospital.

SOVIET TYRANNY.

Truth About Trotsky's Persecution from Russian Socialist.

"Under the Soviet regime the Russian people have been deprived of the secret suffrage, freedom of the Press and of assembly, and freedom in political life."

This, the truth about Russia from a Russian, was given candidly yesterday at the annual conference of the Social Democratic Federation by Mr. Bakoff.

The Soviet Government, he added, had introduced a return of political economic reaction, and the Socialist parties, in particular, were submitted to severe persecution. The longer the present Government remained in power the harder would be the privations of the Russian people.

It had practically placed the masses in the position of serfs. European Socialists must not advocate unconditional recognition of the Soviet, which was not only anti-Socialist and anti-Labour, but anti-democratic and tyrannic.

DOCKERS HOLD OUT.

Mass Meeting Resolves to Continue Strike—Some Returning.

At a mass meeting of East London dockers yesterday it was unanimously decided to continue the strike and to return to work only on the terms of pay which were in existence before the strike.

Some dockers returned on Saturday, however, and work was begun at several docks on the north side of the Thames.

GALE DELAYS LINER.

The Dutch liner Volepdam, from New York, due at Plymouth to-day, reports by wireless having been delayed by a strong gale in the Atlantic.

RADIO CALL DRAMA.

Dying Woman's Stepfather Found Too Late.

"2LO" HOSPITAL APPEAL

To *The Daily Mirror* yesterday was related the pathetic story of a wireless call from "2LO" (London) to relatives of a dying woman who were found too late.

On Saturday afternoon thousands of listeners heard the appeal, issued from Paddington Infirmary, for relatives or friends to go at once to the bedside of Miss Florence Stanford. Her name and description were the only definite clues to her identity available.

The call was picked up in the East End by a friend of Mr. Powell, a Hammer-smith confectioner, and Miss Stanford's stepfather, to whom a telegram was sent asking him to communicate by telephone.

He did so, and learned of the broadcasted message.

"From the description," he was told, "I am sure it is your Florrie."

He at once went to the infirmary, but was too late. Miss Stanford was dead.

Miss Stanford, who was thirty-six, was secretary to a business firm. She was taken ill last Wednesday, and was removed from the Maida Vale boarding-house where she lived to Paddington Infirmary, near by.

She became rapidly worse on Saturday, and when it was apparent that she could not live the authorities decided to try and get in touch with her relatives by wireless.

Her brother lives quite near the infirmary, but unfortunately he was holiday-making on the river.

240 MILES AN HOUR.

Record Speeds Expected at To-day's Aerial Derby.

Record speeds are expected from the racing aeroplanes which will compete in the Aerial Derby, starting and ending at Croydon to-day. It is expected that the Napier-Gloster, flown by Mr. Larry Carter, will go round London at a rate of four miles a minute, or 240 miles an hour.

On its trial flight on Saturday this machine flew at 230 miles an hour. The Sopwith-Hawker racer flown by Flight-Lieutenant Longton is credited with a speed of 230 miles an hour.

For the first time in the history of air racing the public to-day will be able to inspect the racers, which will be drawn up close to the enclosures before and after the race.

SCOTLAND THE SECOND?

Scheme to Transport Whole Popu'ation of Highlands to Canada.

A scheme to transport the whole population—about 200,000—of the Scottish Highlands to Canada is declared to be quite feasible by Mr. Angus Robertson, president of the Highland Society, who returned from Canada yesterday.

Mr. Robertson said he was "unofficially" engaged in investigating the scheme.

Nova Scotia alone could take them all," he added. "Highlanders are drifting to all parts of the world just now because their own country does so little for them, and it would be better to keep them in Canada and so have such an asset to the Empire intact."

A BISHOP'S GAITERS.

Archbishop of Canterbury Says They Are Worn as Link with Antiquity.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Randall Davidson) made some trenchant observations on Bishops' gaiters and the strings to their hats on the occasion of the unveiling and dedication of a memorial cross at the site of the ancient Shephway Cross on Saturday.

In the course of a speech on the subject he said that the table set at luncheon the Archbishop said Bishops were always accused of having an eccentric love of ancient things and ancient ways. Look at the attire in which a Bishop went about.

Why had he got strings to his hat? Why were his nether limbs clad in a way other people would repudiate? Because it went back to antiquity. He found he had no reason to change what was customary to others as well as himself 150 or 100 years ago. No one could allege that they retained them because they were beautiful or even comfortable.

AMNESTY FOR IRISH REBELS.

President Cosgrave, at a Monaghan meeting, offered an amnesty to Irish rebels still provided they in future respected the people's institutions and accepted the democratic laws of the country.

SALUTE OF GUNS FOR BRIDE.

Picturesque Wedding of Lady Rachel Cavendish.

VILLAGE INVASION.

Twelve Thousand Visitors and 1,500 Motor-Cars.

There were memorable scenes at Chatsworth on Saturday, when the Duke of Devonshire's daughter, Lady Rachel Cavendish, was married in the village church at Edensor to Captain the Hon. James Gray Stuart, son of the Earl and Countess of Moray.

Lady Rachel and her father had an almost royal progress as they drove to church in an old family barouche.

The bride is a close friend of Princess Mary, and one of the most popular girls alike with her father's tenants and in London Society.

The bride wore a wedding gown of soft white chiffon mounted on crêpe beads with wreaths of silver roses trimming a simple train of Nottingham lace and a plain tulle veil.

KILTED ESCORT.

Charming Bridal Retinue—Little Boys in Velvet Tunics.

Over 1,500 motor-cars and 12,000 visitors invaded the village of Edensor.

Owing to the traffic press, two bridesmaids were stranded in their car a mile from the church and had to make the rest of the journey on foot.

When the bride, with her escort of kilted Scots-forts, appeared at the church, guns saluted from a Spanish galleon thundered a salute, while the famous Chatsworth fountains sent jets far above the trees and visible six miles.

Lady Anne Cavendish, her sister and her two little nieces, Miss Arbuckle Mackintosh and Miss Pamela Cobbold, were waiting at the church for the bride, with the three pages—Lord Andrew Cavendish, Master "Sandy" Buller and Master Maurice Macmillan.

The bridal retinue was a very picturesque one, the little boys wearing ermine tunic and long silk hose of an exquisite shade of sea-green, while the girls had organdie frocks of snowy white with green and silver ribbons on them and wreaths of green flowers in their hair.

HONEYMOON PLANS.

Among the wedding hymns sung was Marshall Wood's "Fount of All Life" in its finally revised form.

The Duchess of Devonshire held a reception at Chatsworth, and Captain the Hon. James Stuart and Lady Rachel Stuart left for their honeymoon, which is being spent at Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, and at Down Lodge, Perthshire, the former a residence of the Duke of Devonshire and the latter belonging to the Earl of Moray.

For a going-away dress Lady Rachel chose a silk knitted suit of green and blue, and her green hat was draped with a long lace veil.

The King and Queen have sent a blue enamel and diamond brooch with the royal cipher to Lady Rachel, and to the bridegroom they have given a pair of cuff links, also with the royal cipher on them.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles have sent a silver coffee set, and from the Duke and Duchess of York came some cut glass decanters.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have given their daughter many lovely gifts, including some fine diamonds.

The Duke has given the pair the motor-car in which they started for their honeymoon.

A Police Chief's Son Weds.—Lieutenant William Brenner, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., son of Captain Donald Brenner, Assistant Commissioner of the City of London Police, was married on Saturday at Holy Trinity Church, Abney Park, to Miss Norma Biddle Atkinson, of Gallowhill, Northumberland.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

A novel swimming bath, with shallow ends and deep centre, was opened at Shepherd's Bush on Saturday.

Killed by Train.—A well-dressed man, believed to be named F. Fogg, fell in front of a train at Redhill on Saturday and was killed.

Park as Memorial.—A thirty-two-acre park, part of the memorial at Pontypridd to the Welsh Regiment, will be opened by Lord Allen by to-day.

Labour Official Resigns.—Mr. George Hicks has announced his intention of resigning the presidency of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives.

£7,000 Diamonds Mystery.—Scotland Yard are still investigating the mysterious theft of a watch containing diamonds worth £7,000 from the pocket of a man travelling in a bus from Oxford-circus to Hatton-garden.

SUMMER PLEASURES AT ZENITH FOR BANK HOLIDAY

Dawn-to-Midnight Queues of Trippers in Amazing Scenes at Railway Termini.

60,000 PEOPLE CROSS TO THE CONTINENT

Many Seaside Resorts Crowded and River Thames Gay with Biggest Carnival of Season.

Blue skies and sunshine; crowded trains and thronged roads; resorts inland and by the sea—full to overflowing; and the river packed with craft. That is the story of the Bank Holiday week-end.

All Britain seemed to be travelling. Police regulated queues at the termini from dawn till nearly midnight on Saturday, and yesterday thousands more joined the excursioning army. Trains were duplicated until all rolling stock was exhausted. It was the gayest festival of the year by the sea. Accommodation was inadequate in many places, but still the invasion went on. Nothing was more remarkable than the traffic to the Continent. Sixty thousand people have gone abroad.

Mingling with the merry-makers on one Boulogne train and boat was the Prince of Wales, who travelled incognito as the "Earl of Chester."

PRINCE OF WALES JOINS IN BOAT-TRAIN CRUSH.

Travels Incognito as the Earl of Chester.

POLICE PILOT QUEUES.

BANK HOLIDAY FORECAST.—Wind southerly, light or moderate; variable sky, rain or showers in places; thunder tendency; visibility mainly good; warm.

"One of the greatest holiday rushes for some years."

This was the opinion of railway officials at all the big London termini during the week-end.

The rush to sea and country was continued up to past midday yesterday. Thousands had been left behind in the unprecedented scramble of the previous day, when a number of trains to the coast had to be increased six-fold.

Police were requisitioned to control the queues at the booking-offices on Saturday. From early morning until late in the evening the crowds extended from the offices far into the streets.

Except that everyone was laughing and supremely happy, the scene at Victoria recalled that historical Bank Holiday nine years ago. Mingled with the fluttering crowds of holiday-makers were hundreds of khaki-clad young men with rifles and kit-bags. They were Territorials going to or coming from camp.

THE EARL OF CHESTER.

Boy scouts, also bound for camp, were among the earliest arrivals at the stations.

There was a tremendous rush to the inland and coast resorts, but perhaps the great feature of the holiday is the number of people who are spending it on the Continent. It is estimated that 60,000 trippers crossed the Channel.

Twenty-one boat trains left Victoria on Saturday instead of the usual nine.

The most distinguished excursionist on this route to Boulogne was the Prince of Wales. He sought to travel incognito as the Earl of Chester, but even though the most popular young man in the world eluded his way through the press on the platform like any ordinary tripper, he could not hope to escape recognition.

The rumour that he was present spread through the station like wildfire.

"The Prince! Where?" exclaimed a stout woman who was holding a small boy and a wicker dress basket. "Oh, yes, there he is," she gasped as she caught a glimpse of a slim figure in a light summer suit.

TEN TONS OF BUS AND TUBE TICKETS.

Among the Prince's fellow-passengers were excursion parties of the Salvation Army and the Red Triangle Club, as well as a party of schoolgirls of the British League of Help.

The Prince crossed to Boulogne by an ordinary steamer and motored to Le Touquet. Fast as were the railway arrangements for transporting the holiday-makers to remote Cornwall, to glorious Devon, to the North and to the South and East Coast resorts, ample provision has been made for the hundreds of thousands who have been left in London.

The Underground, for instance, made preparations to carry 12,000,000 by road and rail during the week-end.

In sheer weight they have prepared ten tons of tickets. There will be 3,500 motor-buses, employing 14,000 drivers and conductors.

Sunshine Record.—Temperatures were fairly high in most districts yesterday, a maximum of 81deg. being recorded at Sheerness, while Kew touched 78deg. Sunshine records were also high in places. Deaf Margate and Ramsgate all exceeded twelve hours.

Bookings for the Twelfth.—There have been a great number of bookings from London to the North for August 12.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS IN FIRE THRILL AT SEASIDE.

In Bed When Boarding House Is Found in Flames.

SHAVING WATER REQUEST.

Langleigh Park House, an Ilfracombe boarding-house, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday morning.

The house was full of visitors, most of whom arrived the previous evening.

Mr. Dendle, the occupier, seeing flames issuing from under the roof, gave the alarm and sent for the fire brigade, who, with the police, speedily arrived and helped the guests and their belongings to safety.

When the alarm was raised most of the guests were in bed. One visitor, when aroused and told that the house was on fire, calmly asked for water with which to shave!

Owing to insufficient pressure of water the brigade were powerless to prevent the fire from spreading, and in about an hour the building was completely gutted.

There was no panic, the alarm being given in the early stages, and the guests dressed calmly. The only victim was the cat.

Accommodation was readily found at other hotels in the town.

THE KING AT COWES.

Castle Tea with Famous Yachtsmen—Missing Car Causes Delay.

The social pageant of Royal Cowes began on Saturday, when the King and Queen left the royal yacht to join the fashionable throng on the Royal Yacht Squadron lawns.

Their Majesties took tea and the King talked animatedly of the yachting prospects with many famous yachtsmen. Afterwards he moved about the gardens greeting friends.

After dinner, on the royal yacht yesterday the King went on board the guardship and inspected the crew of 1,200.

In the afternoon the royal party landed at Trinity Wharf and visited the Osborne Convalescent Home for Officers. The King and Queen spoke to many of the patients. Tea was taken at Carisbrooke Castle with Princess Beatrice.

The royal party were delayed for half an hour owing to the non-arrival of their motor-car, while it was summoned by telephone. The garage owner declared that no orders had reached him for the car.

HUNDREDS SLEEP OUT.

Hotels and Boarding-Houses Packed—Last Minute Rush.

By road, rail and river holiday-makers in their thousands flocked from the cities to the pleasure centres during the week-end.

Every resort was full to overflowing, and at many hundreds were unable to obtain beds and "slept out" on beaches and in fields. The glorious weather, however, compensated for much, as these reports show.

Bridlington.—There were so many demands for apartments on Saturday that the town clerk issued an appeal to householders to notify spare rooms to the Municipal Information Bureau.

Llandudno.—By remaining on duty to a late hour the officials of the Apartments Bureau found accommodation for all visitors except one, who occupied the Town Hall on his own. The weather is fine but breezy. There were merry scenes on the beach, where thousands of bathers enjoyed themselves in the surf.

(Continued on page 15.)



Mr. R. McKenna.

Mr. L. S. Amery.

Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.

Mr. McKenna has decided not to become Chancellor, and two aspirants for the post are Mr. Amery and Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.

HOW U.S. WILL PAY LAST HONOUR TO MR. HARDING.

10,000 Children To Strew Flowers Before Procession.

ABBEY SERVICE IN LONDON?

Ten thousand children will strew flowers in the line of march when Mr. Harding's body is carried from the White House to the Rotunda, where it will lie in state until the last journey to Marion begins.

The train bearing the body will arrive at Washington this afternoon. It will be met by Mr. Calvin Coolidge, the new President, and other officials of state, who will escort the body to White House. A squadron of cavalry and a battery of field artillery will follow.

The body will remain in the East Room until Wednesday, says the Central News, and will then be taken to the Rotunda, in the Capitol, where it will lie in state until six o'clock in the evening. It will then be conveyed by train to Marion, Mr. Harding's home town, for the last ceremony, which will take place on Friday.

BRITAIN'S TRIBUTE.

Thousands of troops under command of General Pershing will escort the body from White House to the Capitol, and Mr. Coolidge, members of the Cabinet and of the Supreme Court, with senators and members of the House, will take part in the procession.

Ex-President Wilson has notified President Coolidge that he will participate at the funeral if possible.

Before the funeral train left San Francisco a simple, moving service was held in the room of the hotel where President Harding died. Tears streamed unchecked down the cheeks of many people, but Mrs. Harding's eyes were dry when the last of those in the room had gone and the doors closed.

At Chicago the Mayor issued a proclamation requesting a cessation of amusements and business during the half-hour that the funeral train was scheduled to traverse the city, and it was planned that the church bells should toll continuously.

At the funeral hour a memorial service will be held in London as Britain's tribute.

It has been suggested that the service should be held in Westminster Abbey, but final arrangements are as yet completely unsettled. The service will be allotted for a representative attendance of the large number of visitors from America now staying in this country.

YPRES STONES OF MEMORY.

First Seven Unveiled Yesterday—Message from the King.

At Hell Fire Corner the first of seven demarcation stones of the Ypres salient, which the Ypres League is erecting in collaboration with the Belgian Touring Club, was unveiled yesterday, says Reuter.

King George, the patron of the League, sent a telegram in which he declared that future generations would be grateful for the steps now being taken to mark historic battle sites.

"The time will come when the war will be a faint echo, and that is the reason we are erecting enduring memorials of stone and bronze," said Earl Beatty when unveiling a war memorial at Reigate yesterday.

47 CALCUTTA ARRESTS.

250 Police in 16 Square-Mile Raid—Revolver and Daggers Found.

CALCUTTA, Sunday.—Forty-seven arrests were made this morning in the course of a police drive.

A revolver, several daggers and a quantity of jewellery were seized in the northern part of the city, which was for the time like a place besieged.

Two hundred and fifty officers were engaged in the raid, which covered sixteen square miles.—Exchange.

CHANNEL SWIM ATTEMPT.

Henry Sullivan, the American swimmer, began an attempt to swim the Channel. He started from Dover at 5.22 p.m. yesterday.

MR. McKENNA NOT TO JOIN THE CABINET.

Disagreement with Policy in the Ruhr.

PREMIER'S DILEMMA.

Search for a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

By a Parliamentary Correspondent.

Mr. McKenna has decided not to join the Government. He has finally declined Mr. Baldwin's invitation to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Government suffers heavily in reputation as a consequence.

It was Mr. McKenna's projected adhesion to the Government which gave some éclat to Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet when it was first announced. His was to be the dominating figure under the Premier.

The picture has failed of completion. Mr. McKenna's decision can hardly be regarded as surprising. No doubt, as a patriot, he desired to help the Government of the day, when asked to do so by the Premier at a period of grave international tension.

What has happened since Mr. McKenna's tentative assent is on record. The Government has had a kind of seizure, and has embarked on a Ruhr policy which pleases Fritz and his dupes, but fills the British citizen with dismay and apprehension.

HAD A "BAD PRESS."

Mr. McKenna's dramatic rejection of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer may not fail of effect upon the wayward Premier. Mr. Baldwin has had an exceptionally "bad Press" in journalistic quarters regarded as particularly partial.

This manifestation of disapproval ought not to be lost upon the Premier. But in political circles they are not optimistic. The final refusal of Mr. McKenna is the direct consequence of the Government's Ruhr "policy," from which the former Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer dissents.

I predicted in Friday's *Daily Mirror* that the Government had issued such a bad day over their anti-French "manifestations" that a political crisis must ensue.

Conservative newspapers are hopelessly divided on the Ruhr, so that already Mr. Baldwin may be said to have ruptured the party. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead are the popular exponents of Conservative views.

TWO ASPIRANTS.

Politicians discussed yesterday the possibility of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer being given to one of two aspirants, Mr. L. C. M. S. Amery (First Lord of the Admiralty) and Sir W. Joynson-Hicks (the Financial Secretary to the Treasury).

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans might have been regarded also as an aspirant before a Post Office intelligence officer circulated the famous "Worthy" dossier. That ended that.

The appointment either of Mr. Amery or of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks to the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer would not arouse Conservatives to enthusiasm. No bonfires would be lit, no oxen roasted.

But there will Mr. Baldwin get a competent Chancellor? One who will command the attention of the business world, and not a parliamentary house-parlourmaid?

There isn't one on the Treasury Bench.

"VACILLATING BRITAIN."

Paris Says We Are in Search of a False European Peace.

"Since Thursday's session of the British Parliament the attitude of the authorities in London reveals the lack of the 'mission,' writes 'Fortinax' in the *Echo de Paris*, quoted by Reuter.

"Neither Mr. Baldwin nor Lord Curzon perceive clearly where they are going." "Fortinax" adds that Lord Curzon's admission: "If you ask me to-day what we shall do next week or next month, I do not know," is the most terrible judgment which could be passed on the British programme.

"The authorities in London are at liberty to despair of European peace and to purchase what they falsely believe to be European peace for to-morrow at the expense of danger the day after to-morrow."

The resignation is announced from the governing Commission of the Saar Valley of Mr. R. D. Waugh, the Canadian and only British representative.

Murders to Die.—The Court of Appeal at Aix-la-Chapelle sentenced to death on Saturday three of the eight Germans accused of murdering the Belgian, Lieutenant Graff.

Eight Hurt by Bomb.—Several arrests, including that of the police chief, were made at Dusseldorf yesterday in connection with the throwing of a bomb at a detachment of French troops on Saturday, when two soldiers and six German civilians were wounded.

All traffic has been suspended between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m., says Reuter. Restaurants, cafes and cinemas must close at ten o'clock.

Pears' is the best soap under the sun

The call of sun and wind and blue Summer seas is irresistible, but their exhilaration too often means an irritated skin that flinches at broad day and is tender and unsightly in the evening. Holiday makers who use Pears' Transparent Soap quickly discover that their skin is neither burnt painfully by the sun nor dried up harshly by the wind and spray. Instead it shows the clear tan of health and contentment.

Wash with Pears after your swim. Use it to shampoo the sea water out of your hair. It is a small precaution that will make a big difference to your comfort, and, if in the hurry of packing you left your Pears behind, do not worry. Half the world uses it, the other half is learning, and even the tiniest village shop will be able to supply you.

Remember that in the manufacture of Pears' Soap we neglect no single precaution to justify our claim that it is

*Matchless
for the
Complexion*

IN
TWO SIZES
4^{1d.}/₂
MEDIUM
7^{d.}
LARGE



Daily Mirror

MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1923.

THINK IT OVER!

IS there still a possibility that the Government may reconsider its position in regard to the reparations crisis?

So far, as we pointed out last week, Lord Curzon and Mr. Baldwin have announced no definite policy. They have merely made objections to the policy of France.

These objections, however, have not been received with the approval that was presumably anticipated by the let-Germany-off school.

On the contrary, there is a great volume of evidence to suggest that the country objects to the Government's objections.

The other voice has been heard through Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain—not to speak of others from other parties. And meanwhile Lord Rothermere has once again shown, by fact and figure, that the alleged "pro-British" argument about our trade suffering from the Ruhr occupation has absolutely no foundation.

Have these facts and arguments impressed the Government? We may know this week. But at least the "poor Germany" school have no longer any excuse for imagining that their views represent the "enlightened opinion" of the country.

TRAFFIC REFORM.

WE know that the departure of a few hundreds of thousands of tired people from London doesn't materially diminish the permanent pressure of the "five or six million odd"; as the caustic bus-driver reminded the gentleman who wanted to know if "London's fairly full this month."

It does, however, slightly lessen the volume of street-going traffic.

It gives the huge barrel-wagons and rustic hay-carts and other slow-moving vehicles more space in which to prevent motors from passing them. And it gives all of us a lull—an opportunity of reflecting again upon the breakdown of our traffic arrangements during the past season. In August it may not take half an hour to get, in a taxi, from the Strand to Fleet-street!

But if it is not to take as long or longer when holidays are over and "everybody" back in town, the whole traffic problem must be reconsidered before the autumn.

THE AUGUST RUSH.

CERTAIN forecasts yesterday hinted at a change in the "ideal" weather. They always do—just to keep the holiday-maker from a dangerous reliance on our climate.

But these cautionary predictions are nothing to him. He cannot be controlled by weather. His tickets were taken and his rooms booked long ago.

Besides, he wisely refrains from looking far ahead. Sufficient unto the moment is the weather therefor. And it was undeniably fine when he started on Saturday.

In tens of thousands they escaped, by train, by motor-car or charabanc, by boat and by aeroplane. Modern holidays are accompanied by a sense of incredible multitude. We never realise so clearly "how many people there are about" until, in August, we discover thousands "about" everywhere.

This sets those who believe in waiting, and in keeping out of crowds, moralising about the folly of taking one's holiday in August.

But many people are not free to choose. And it is a mistake to suppose that the mass of holiday humanity aims at silence and solitude. The rush and crush are part of the fun. People look hot; but they enjoy it. The stay-at-homes also greatly enjoy their sense of superiority in abstention. So everybody for once is happy—those who go and those who smile at them for going.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Those "Starving" Germans!—The Ideal Holiday—Husbands Who Are "Managed"—Do You Pay Your Bills?

OUR READERS' PLANS.

MY ideal of a good holiday is to be summed up in one word—*adventure*.

I like, if possible, to do things I have never visited before; to do things I have never done before; to meet people I have never seen before.

This year I shall take my holiday by air—I mean I shall begin it in that way. For I have never yet been in an aeroplane.

Queen's Gate, S.W. ADVENTUROUS.

"ROBOT" HUSBANDS.

SURELY it is quite simple to answer the question: "Can women really 'manage' men?"

Of course they can! A man somehow feels inclined to give in to a woman and let her have

"POOR, STARVING GERMANS!"

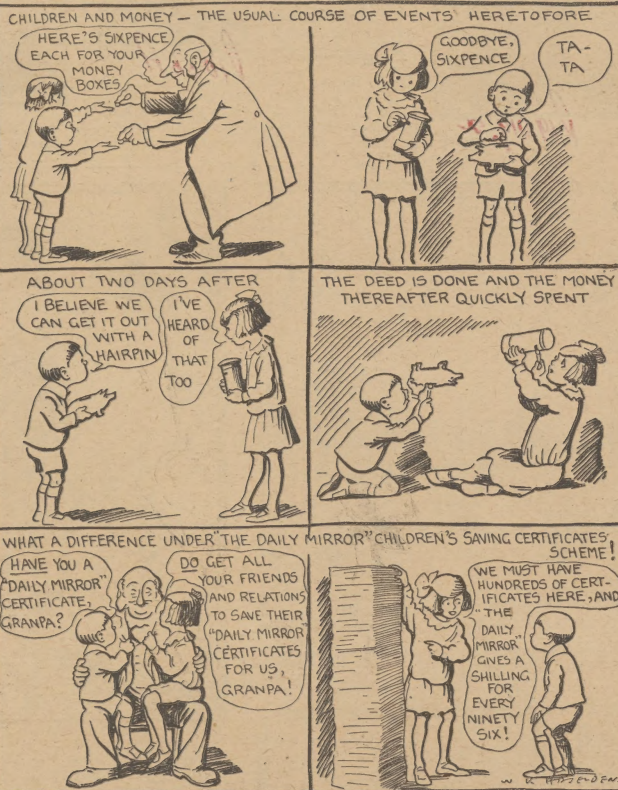
I WAS greatly interested in your pictures in *The Daily Mirror* of the 2nd inst. depicting the "poor, starving Germans" on their holidays.

I have just returned from Swinemunde, a popular seaside resort. I was astonished at the vast number of prosperous Germans who are invading this holiday resort by every train from Berlin.

The first surprise I had was the great number of them travelling from Berlin to Swinemunde on the same train as myself, who readily paid the supplement on their second-class ticket to obtain a seat in a first-class compartment, the second-class compartments being crowded out. The supplement was exactly 100 per cent. more.

Arriving at Swinemunde, I found all the

BEGIN TO COLLECT OUR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES TO-DAY!



Our new scheme for encouraging thrift amongst the young will inaugurate an era of "self-help" in the average family.

her own way, since she is of the weaker sex. Many women regard their husbands as "robots"—merely machines to work, to provide a nice home, to do odd jobs in the house and to provide "purple and fine linen."

Why not reverse the question and ask: "Can men ever really 'manage' women?" It would be interesting to read your readers' views.

A. P. F.

BEFORE STARTING.

NEARLY every man wishes to pay off debts before he sets out on his annual vacation with his wife and, perhaps, family.

But often it happens that by the time he has paid off those long-standing bills he has little or no money left for a holiday!

What should a man in such an awkward position do? Is he to forfeit his holiday or let the bills stand the type of man who just smiles at his bills and throws them on one side. But I am a conscientious man, and do not feel that I could. I could never rest on a holiday if I thought I owed a large amount of money.

CONSCIENTIOUS HUSBAND.

AUGUST ROMANCES.

THE success or otherwise of a holiday engagement depends upon the people concerned.

Where a holiday engagement means a hasty marriage it is often a failure, but where a reasonable period is fixed between the engagement and the marriage, there is no reason why the romance should not have a happy termination.

ENGAGEMENT.

fashionable and expensive hotels full up and the place full of gaiety. Incidentally, these "poor" Germans were paying prices for one week's lodging that far exceeded their monthly salary.

In the Kurhaus, one of the most expensive restaurants in the town, one had to take one's chance to get a seat during weekdays, and on Sundays the management had extra seating accommodation arranged so as to cope with the influx of more "poor Germans," who, they anticipated, would spend the week-end in Swinemunde. Everyone fed well, and the presence of good wines on the tables seemed to imply the fact that the drinkers were not exactly short of ready cash.

In the evenings the cafe adjoining was a place of great merrymaking and revelry. At midnight this cafe was automatically converted into a night club. Wine and cocktails were in great demand, and this fact was most apparent towards daybreak, after which their thirst quenched, these "starving" Germans would pay their heavy bills with smiling faces.

Prices were extremely high, but the "poor" Germans were good customers. Expensive gowns were worn by most of the "holiday" women and jewellery was in great display.

Chatterbox-road, S.E. E. A. HOLDING.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The end of all right education of a woman is to make her love her home better than any other place; that she should as seldom leave it as a queen her queen; nor ever feel entirely at rest but within its threshold.—*Ruskin*.

HAVE YOU MADE ANY GOOD RESOLUTIONS?

WHAT TO READ ON AN AUGUST HOLIDAY.

By T. MICHAEL POPE.

THERE are two periods of the year which are dedicated to the making of Good Resolutions—the First of January, and the eve of the annual holiday.

The resolutions made in January are occasionally kept for a fortnight; those made in August are seldom kept at all.

These latter are not infrequently concerned with the subject of books.

The harassed householder who has found himself either too busy or too mentally indolent during eleven months of the year to read anything except his daily newspaper suddenly decides that he will repair his sins of omission during the one month when he is liberated from his accustomed toil.

So, packing the first two volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the complete dramatic works of William Shakespeare and William Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" into his portmanteau, he sets forth upon his holiday in a spirit of high-minded resolution.

By the time he has returned to town his acquaintance with these great classics of his literature has made no progress. Shakespeare is replaced upon the shelf, and forgotten, until the same sorry farce is gone through again next year.

AVOID SERIOUS STUDY.

The truth is that our friend the harassed householder has failed to take into consideration one very important fact. A holiday is essentially a time for *mental* relaxation and to devote it to serious study is to wrest it from its proper purpose.

Fortunately few holidays are so misused. It is true that there exist certain "reading schools," the members of which appear to think that a holiday was primarily designed to afford a suitable opportunity for a consideration of Plato's "Republic" or Aristotle's "Nicomachean Ethics."

These, however, need not concern us. The man who is capable of converting a field into a classroom would be capable of any enormity. He hardly comes within the orbit of humanity.

At the same time it is possible for the average man, by a judicious selection of reading matter, to enhance considerably the pleasures of a holiday by the sea or in the country.

Permit me then—with all due diffidence—to offer a few suggestions to those who have been asking themselves, "What books shall I take away with me this month?"

Novels—and particularly modern novels—are primarily to be recommended. These place no undue strain upon the intelligence, and should they be inadvertently left behind the sense of loss will be found to be inconceivable.

Even here some discrimination is required. Dickens can be read and enjoyed anywhere; Thackeray, on the other hand, should be reserved for Brighton.

To read a novel in the midst of the scenes which it describes is to read it with a quickened sense of appreciation. Thus, "Lorna Doone" should be kept for Devonshire, Hardy's novels for Dorset, the published writings of Sir Hall Caine for the Isle of Man and Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" for the Channel Islands.



The Wise Woman cleans her face with Skin Food, and a lovely transparent "baby" skin is the result.

Pomeroys Skin Food

2/3 a Jar

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

MAYOR AT NEW OPEN-AIR BATHS



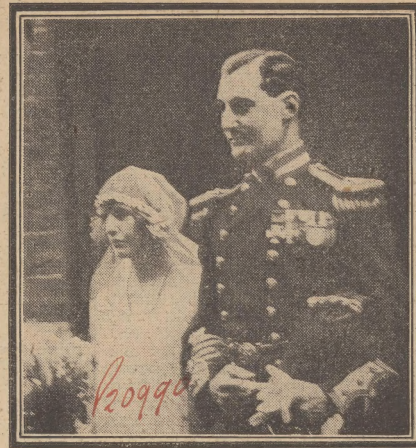
Mayor of Hammersmith, Mr. Marshall Hays, performing the opening ceremony at the new baths.

ARCH OF FLOWERS

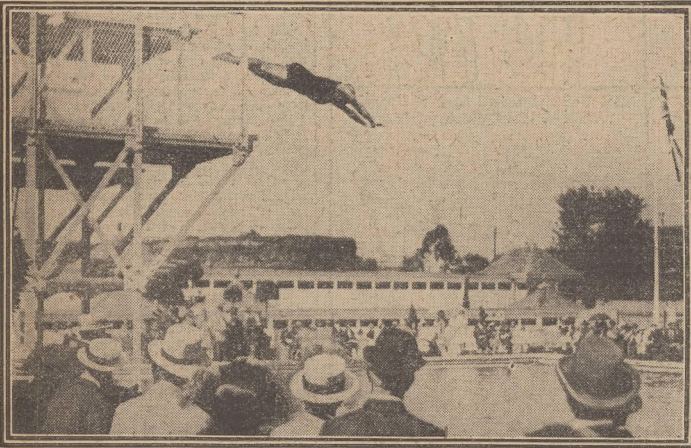


Mr. Herbert F. Marshall married to Miss Bessie Smith, of 33rd London Corps, Girls' Life Brigade, at Ramsden-road Baptist Chapel, Balham. Bride and bridegroom leave beneath a floral arch.

NAVAL D.S.O. AND HIS BRIDE



Lieutenant William Bremner, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., married to Miss Lorna Buddie Atkinson at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. Bride and bridegroom.



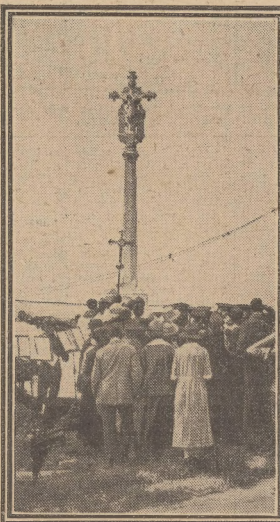
One of the divers in mid flight during the high-diving display at the opening of new open-air baths, Shepherd's Bush.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The four bridesmaids and two little sailor-laddie pages who attended Miss Lorna Atkinson. The bridesmaids wore mauve and pink, with large silver hats, and carried shower bouquets of shaded sweet peas.



PETS AT CROMER.—Pip finds a congenial acquaintance in one of Britain's bonnie babies at Cromer. As may be seen, he has put on one of his broadest smiles for the occasion. As usual, the pets had a great reception on the Norfolk coast.



A view of the cross taken during the dedication ceremony.



Archbishop of Canterbury dedicating the cross. On the right Earl Beauchamp, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, who, of course, attended in his official capacity.

LINKING PAST AND PRESENT.—Unveiling the new Shepway cross at the spot where for many centuries the barons and freemen of the Cinque Ports have been wont to gather to claim the righting of their wrongs and abuses.



The Hon. Ruby Hardinge, daughter of Viscount Hardinge. She is among the many young people who will be at Cowes this week.



A new portrait of the pretty wife of Lieutenant Walter Lockett-Agnew, R.N. She is a daughter of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson.

A HOLIDAY REFUGE.

Visitor to South Africa—Celebrities at Cowes—Our £25,000 Savings Fund.

IN ORDER to be quiet and peaceful and safe from the sight of that offensive combination—brown boots and check caps—those unfortunate people who are obliged to stay in London during Bank Holiday have usually stopped at home. But on this occasion, I hear, they have found a sylvan refuge by the Thames, as yet undiscovered by the holiday crowds. There they will picnic without noise and commotion in modulated voices and bask in the sun if it shines. I have been sworn to secrecy concerning the whereabouts of this retreat.

New President's Wife.

Mrs. Coolidge, an American friend tells me, has had a good deal to do with her husband's success. While she has helped him enormously in his work, she has never been above the daily round of domestic duty. While in Washington they have lived unostentatiously in a modest little hotel. The sartorial critic would have much to say, I'm afraid, concerning the President's clothes.

Poets' College.

Trinity College, Cambridge, where Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runciman held a garden party on Saturday, in connection with the Liberal Summer School, has probably been responsible for the education of more poets than any other similar institution in the world. The list of its students includes the names of Tennyson, Suckling, Marvell, Dryden, Byron and Macaulay.

The Prince's Plans.

The Prince of Wales, who was to fulfil engagements at Nairn and Fort George on August 29, has altered the date to August 22. This will make it possible for him to leave for Canada a week earlier than he intended. He may therefore have a month on his ranch in Alberta, and still be home for the wedding of Princess Maud and Lord Carnegie on October 15. His original intention was to be home about October 20.

Better Health.

The Earl and Countess of Dalhousie are going to Brechin Castle, Forfarshire. Lord Dalhousie is now in much better health, and he hopes to be able this season to take part in the grouse shooting on the Invermark moors. He has hitherto done no shooting since he was wounded in the war.

On Invermark Moors.

Probably another "gun" on the Invermark moors this season will be Lord Dalhousie's brother, Captain the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N. He is in command of H.M.S. Dumedin, attached to a squadron which has recently been cruising off the Scottish coast.

Celebrities at Cowes.

Cowes Regatta begins to-day (I hope in good weather) and the little island town is completely filled with visitors. Among the latest arrivals is the Marquis of Ailsa, who is a most enthusiastic yachtsman, and Lord Ruthven. Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, I hear, will give a party on their yacht Shemara, and Mrs. Crozier will give a garden party at Yarmouth, I.O.W., on Saturday.

Other Arrivals.

Lord Dunraven also has recently arrived there in his motor-yacht Sona, and Mrs. Dudley Ward is at Castle Hill House. Sir Ralph Gore, one of our best amateur helmsmen, who is racing in the six-metre international contest, spends most of his time afloat with Major Philip Hunkle, skipper of the King's boat Britannia.



Marquis of Ailsa.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

His Royal Grandmother.

Now that the London season has come to a triumphant end, those who have helped to make it are scattering far and wide in search of rest and recreation. No one will enjoy her "vacation" more than Princess Mary, who has gone straight to Goldborough Hall to be with her small son. Baby Lascelles will have his mother (whom he greatly resembles in looks) all to himself for some time, and I hear that his royal and devoted grandmother intends to shorten her Northern visit in order to stay a few days with them both.

Simple Weddings Again.

For a long time it has been the custom of Society brides to dress their attendants in costume befitting a ballet or an historical pageant. Small nieces and nephews suffered dutifully in medieval, Grecian, Russian, Early Roman or Mid-Victorian attire. But I think Lady Rachel Stuart has set the fashion for simplicity at weddings. When a Cavendish girl is content to dress her little attendants in white muslin and berry leaves, less exalted brides may well follow suit.

New Bishop.

Canon Woolcombe, who has been appointed the first Suffragan Bishop of Whitley, was at one time a familiar figure in the East End of London. For nine years he was head of the Oxford House at Bethnal Green—a position which has also been held by the present Bishops of London and Durham.

To South Africa.

The Dean of Rochester, Dr. John Storrs, has just left London for a voyage to Capetown on the Arundel Castle in the hope that the sea air will help a lot towards his recovery after a recent and serious illness. He will stay a week or so in Capetown and his visit will revive old pleasant memories for he has travelled extensively in South Africa.



Dr. John Storrs.

on the voyage and will act in the dual capacity of cheerful companion and attentive nurse. His other son, who was married recently, is the Governor of Jerusalem.

Paper Streamers.

Charabanc travellers should take warning from the following story I have heard concerning their exuberant habit of throwing paper streamers behind them. A ball of coloured streamers thrown at a car driver on the Basingstoke road recently so completely wound itself round his wind screen and himself that it was only by the greatest good luck and skill that he managed to avoid an accident. I think it is time the police suppressed this practice.

Truth from Turkey.

I have received many letters from soldiers serving in Turkey denying that they have fraternised with the Turks and that they will be "quite worried" at leaving the country. An N.C.O. says: "The British soldier will be infinitely glad to leave this land of vice, filth, heat, continuous hard work and arduous duties. How can he 'settle down' in filthy barracks, which no amount of disinfection can possibly make sweet and clean? I wonder if the War Office is aware of this?"

Ghost Stories.

Mr. Bohun Lynch is, I hear, preparing a selection of the best ghost stories in the English language. Stories of the supernatural do not play a very large part in our literature, but Mr. W. W. Jacobs has written two small masterpieces of horror—"The Monkey's Paw" and "The Brown Man's Servant."

Holidays at Harrogate.

Among those who are spending a few of these August days at Harrogate are Lord and Lady Yarborough, Sir John McClure, Sir Arthur Stanley, Sir Godfrey Langdon and dozens of others. And among those who are entertaining them at the Royal Hall this week are Grock, Nelson Keys and Carrie Tubb.

The Dancing "Blues."

French holiday resorts which pride themselves on their blue skirts, their blue-blooded visitors, and their bathing suits, know no other kind of "blues," although I hear the Blues-trot has already invaded these places, much to the chagrin of the star tango-ists. The Blues isn't such a "showy" dance as the tango, nor quite so happy-go-lucky as the ordinary fox-trot, and many of the older people who, after months of exhausting practice, have just mastered the latter, are getting very annoyed about it.

New Bathing Boots.

Meanwhile those who engage themselves seriously upon the business of bathing—which means wearing the latest in beach suits and waiting for the camera-man—are intrigued with the new bathing boots, which, my correspondent tells me, are like football footwear, square of toe and laced. They are made of some rubberised material in flamboyant colourings, and a small bag, equally brilliant, to match, hangs from each bather's arm.

The New Governor.

Sir John Robert Chancellor, who has been appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia, under responsible government, is a soldier as well as administrator. He was present at the capture of the Dargai Heights on the north-west frontier of India on the occasion when a piper in a Scottish regiment continued to play an inspiring air on his bagpipes after being shot in the legs. Sir John is a Scotsman, and first joined the Royal Engineers.

"Dr. Jim."

The first Administrator of Rhodesia after the British South Africa Company took over the territory from Lobengula, the Matabele King, was "Dr. Jim," as Cecil Rhodes' chief lieutenant was called. It was while occupying that position that Dr. Jameson organised the unfortunate raid into the Transvaal and in the memorable words of Rhodes, "upset the apple cart."



Lady Loughborough, who has returned from Australia, and has taken a house at Frin-ton-on-Sea.



Miss Marjorie Ward-Tampin, of Chelsea, who is engaged to marry Lieut-Commander A. F. Booth, R.N.

Little Money Savers.

The most popular holiday diversion for children now is collecting the back page certificates of *The Daily Mirror* for our £25,000 scheme for Free Savings Certificates. All children are fond of saving money—hence the much prized money box which is sometimes brought out when visitors call—and there is no doubt that the idea has caught on very swiftly at the seaside resorts.

What To Do.

All that children under fifteen years of age have to do is to cut these certificates out daily until ninety-six or more are collected. They must then send them to *The Daily Mirror* Children's Savings Fund, 47, Lombard-lane. For ninety-six one shilling will be paid and the lucky child who can collect 1,488 will receive a National Savings Certificate.

From My Diary.

A man is to be brave, not on compulsion, but from a sense of honour.—Aristotle.

A Short Stay.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are only making a short stay at Welbeck Abbey, where they have been entertaining a few friends. They are going before the middle of the month to Langwell Lodge, Caithness, where they will remain until October. It is expected that the Duke and Duchess of York will pay a short visit to Langwell Lodge when they are at Dunrobin Castle in September.

THE RAMBLER.

HOLIDAY PICNICS BY RURAL MOTOR BUS

HERE is a selection of the 66 Motor Bus Routes which will be running to-day from all parts of London to the Countryside and Riverside:—

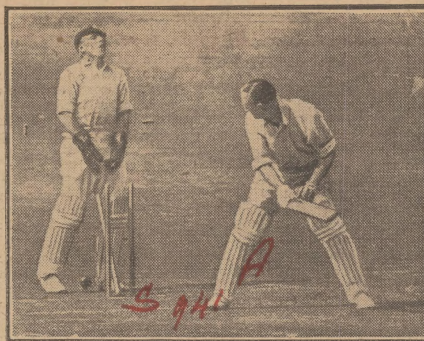
Route No.	To	From	Fare
10	Chipping Ongar	Elephant and Castle	1/6
10A	Epping Town	Elephant and Castle	1/6
21B	Farnham	Wood Green	1/9
27A	Hampton Court	Highbury	1/3
29	Hadley Wood	Victoria Station	8d.
43	Caterham	Colney Hatch Lane	1/10
54	Westerham Hill	Elephant and Castle	1/4
59	Reigate	Camden Town	2/-
59A	Godstone	Camden Town	1/9
61	Windsor	Kingston	2/6
71	St. Albans	Finsbury Park Station	1/3
72	Wormley	Finsbury Park Station	1/-
73A	Kingston	Stoke Newington	1/3
82	Hatfield	Golders Green	1/6
90	Chertsey	Charing Cross	1/9
107	Dorking	Clapham Common	1/6
117	Virginia Water	Hounslow Garage	1/-
118	Burnham Beeches	Richmond	1/9
119	Chislehurst	Charing Cross	11d.
129	Hampton Court	Peckham	1/-

GENERAL

ALL BRITAIN ON HOLIDAY—THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR Y



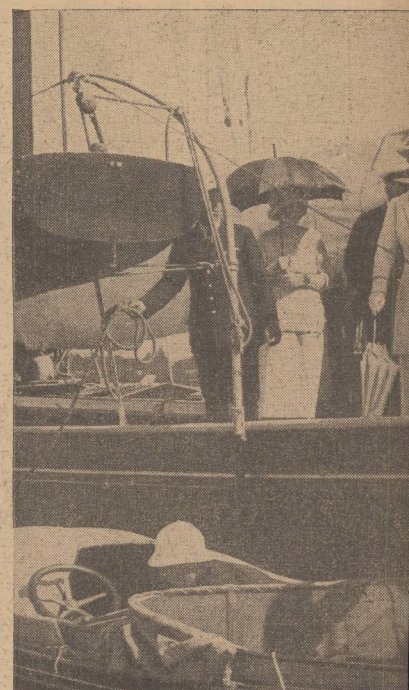
Just off to the seaside, and full of joy at the prospect. A typical carriage-load of holiday-makers.



A. W. Carr, the Notts captain, bowled by P. G. H. Fender, the Surrey captain, after making three runs.



The mounted cockade contest at the Woolwich military sports, Shooters Hill, to aid Royal Herbert Hospital.



The King and Queen (centre) and the Duke of York.



Boys for Duke of York's camp lunching at Buckingham Palace Mews before departure for New Romney.



The Duke of York, with Commander B. T. Coote, in command of camp at New Romney.



Left to right, Colonel Crawford, Mr. Grandison, the Duke of Leeds, Messrs. N. Kinson, J. W. Cooke and A. Maudlay, Sir T. Dunlop, Messrs. F. Last and T. H. Hey, a deputation of yachtsmen who presented to the King a painting of Brit.



The start of a semi-final for the ladies' singles punting cup at Maidenhead regatta.

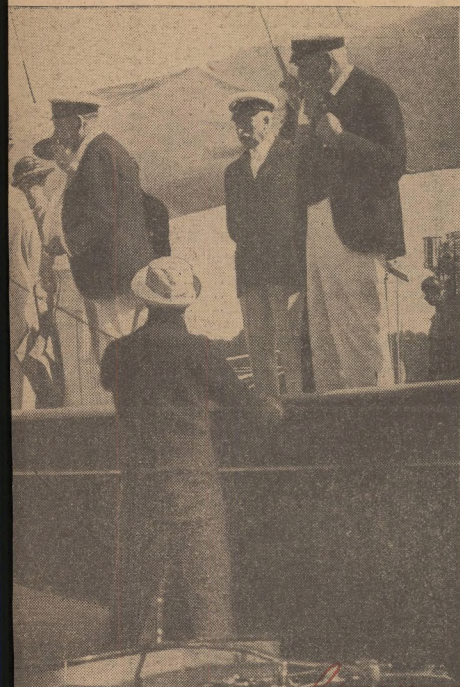


Signor Marconi in yachting costume walking along the jetty at Cowes. He is a keen yachtsman.



How to laze away a summer day. It is simple to turn.

YACHT AT COWES AND THE GREAT WEEK-END PROGRAMME OF SPORT



...aught (right) inspecting the Britannia's new launch.



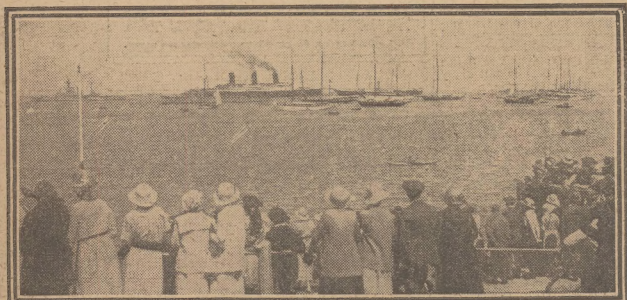
Captain M. J. Kingscote busies himself on the comfort of child guests at Cirencester polo week.



Miss Jess winning the 75 yards women's race at the A.B.C. sports on Saturday.



A dainty toilet on the beach after a cooling bathe.



The Cunard liner Berengaria (with three funnels) salutes the royal yacht Victoria and Albert (centre) as she passes her at Cowes outward bound. Nearer shore are many yachts and an eager crowd watches the scene.



Stingo, injured by being crowded on to the rails at Alexandra Park, had to be destroyed.



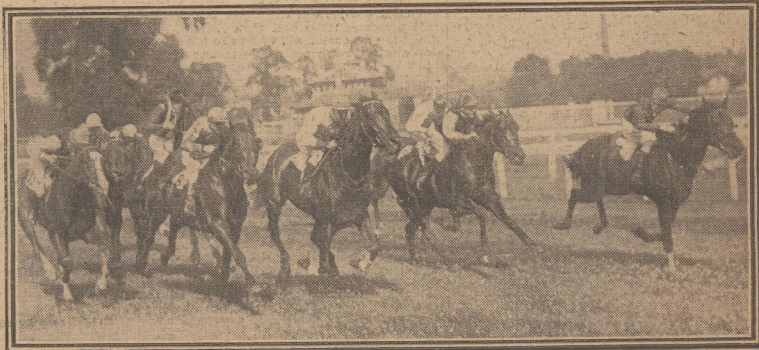
The Daily Mirror beguiles the time of waiting for the train that is to carry them to the longed-for seaside.



sun bath on the rocks becomes too warm, water. At Perranporth.



Miss J. Farrow (right) winning the women's 220yds. race at Stamford Bridge on Saturday from Miss A. M. Cast.



Just before the accident in the Metropolitan Sale Stakes at Alexandra Park, Blaguer, the winner (second from right), and Stingo (extreme left), which had to be destroyed.

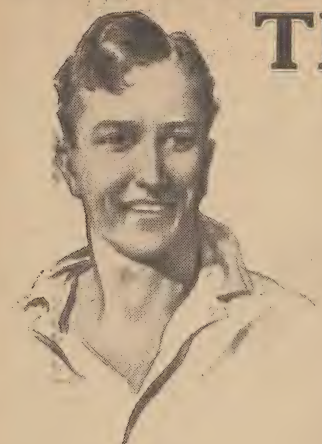
greatest possible value, satisfaction guaranteed; "tain" Cycles from £5 5s., carriage paid, tyres 4s. tubes 1s.; thousands of accessories; it's a mighty list and free.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 9, Burnley.

POULTRY.—Large fatted roasting fowls 7s. 8s. to 9s. a pair, larger 10s.; fatted roasting ducks 8s. to 9s. a couple; large boiling fowls 7s. a couple; prompt dispatch terms cash, trussed for table, post paid.—Annie Clark, 11 House, Rosscarbery, Cork.

THIS GRAND NEW HOLIDAY SERIAL BEGINS TO-DAY

TIDES OF FATE

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER.



Payne Whitfield.

CHAPTER I.

ON an afternoon in February Nancy Sheridan sat at her typewriter desk blinking away tears when she should have been hard at work on Mr. Samuel Prudd's letters.

For the moment she was alone, Mr. Prudd having darted across the court to Turpin's Tavern for a farewell glass before closing time; and the clerk and the office boy, enabled by experience to gauge the exact length of their employer's absence, had beaten themselves to the tobacco-stalls for an important conference with a friend on the subject of the 3.30.

Tavern Court, never too attractive, did not look its best this dull afternoon, although undoubtedly there were picturesque qualities. One entered by way of a narrow passage from Fleet-street into a paved enclosure surrounded by aged buildings, with a dejected plane tree in the middle protected from heaven-knows-what by a rusty iron railing.

Facing the dungeon-like entrance stood the quaint premises known for a century past as Turpin's Tavern. Once the resort of thieves and cut-throats, it was now a social centre for the refreshment of business worries, of which there were many in the warren of small offices adjoining.

Samuel Prudd had made the interesting discovery at Turpin's that his own cares could not be killed by drowning; they merely learned to swim. As a solicitor, Mr. Prudd was one of life's brilliant failures, but in other ways he had his points. He was very kind when he broke the news to Nancy Sheridan that her valuable services as a shorthand-typist would no longer be required by him after the end of the week. He had gone to such pains to point out that it was only lack of money which impelled him to dismiss her, nothing whatever in the nature of her own inefficiency, that—knowing something of Mr. Prudd's devious methods—the unfortunate girl was forced to the conclusion that she, also, was a failure.

A year ago Nancy had come fresh from the country to the City Business Institute, with a little over a hundred pounds in her pocket. Six months later the Institute graduated her to Mr. Prudd, at a salary—beginners'—of thirty shillings a week.

There was nothing behind Nancy but a very happy childhood spent in an impoverished village; nothing before her but work—unless she married, of course. Take away her thirty shillings a week and she stood desolate to the world. And Mr. Prudd was taking it away because, as he said, he could no longer afford to keep a typist.

No wonder she blinked and sniffed. Hadn't she heard how hard jobs were to get? Mr. Prudd had been kind, but somewhat over-cheerful and it rankled when he said that he was really much too generous for his dingy office, too good for thirty shillings a week, deserving something far better. It had been a bold appeal to her vanity which fell very flat.

However, there were the letters to finish, and Nancy felt that it was time she got on with them.

She glanced at her open notebook, gave one final dab at her eyes, and began again with a polite threat directed at one Payne Whitfield, Esq.

Dear Sir,—As we have had no response to the three previous communications sent you, we can only conclude that they have gone astray in the post. This letter, being registered—"Don't forget to register it," Miss Sheridan"—will probably reach you safely.

Once more we would respectfully draw attention to your account, £47 9s. 7d. for goods supplied by Messrs. Cutten and Fitton, of 36, Whitehall, E.C. 4. Said account, being now long overdue, our clients will have no alternative but to—

At this point, although it caused no break in Miss Sheridan's train of thought, something rather important as affecting her future happened.

Her chair was close to the window, but there was not enough outside light now, so she had switched on the electric bulb over her desk. Just below the window stood a young man who had

been halted on the point of entering the building by the sight of Nancy. The grey of the early twilight cloaked him, but she was revealed exquisitely, a golden young beauty spot glowing against the grimed senility of Tavern Court.

Nancy's chief glory was her hair, masses of it, pale coloured, curled softly above a delicately moulded brow. Below that regal crown her small, regularly formed features, were distinguished by a serious intensity. There was subtle beauty gravely allied to intellect.

The young man who had been moved to study this picture drew in his breath and what he thought was exactly what Mr. Prudd had said earlier in the day, that Tavern Court was a poor setting for such a charming young woman. She was deserving of better things.

A moment later the office door opened. "I beg your pardon," said the young man, "b—but I want to see Mr.—Prudd. I believe that's the name."

He stammered slightly in his astonishment, for he had not realised that S. Prudd, solicitor, door would lead straight to that vision of the golden girl against the grey.

Mr. Prudd is out just now," said Nancy. "I expect him back any moment. Would you care to wait?"

And she, too, drew in her breath a little. Never had anything so big and young and wholly attractive—all in the same male person—entered this shabby place during her six months' tenure of office.

The visitor reminded her of stories she had read, almost convincing her by his appearance alone that heroes existed in real life. There was something about him which suggested high adventure—a flame in the clear dark eyes; a toss of black hair that straggled carelessly across his forehead; the lurching, easy effect of shoulders massively important beneath the suave over-courtesy of well-tailored tweed. Above all, there was his pleasantly boyish smile, lips strong but shy—a smile which revealed its owner's possession of high ideals and some hint of recklessness.

"Perhaps I can settle with you," he said.

At the same time, although being in a hurry, he sat down in one of the small wooden chairs indicated by Nancy, and hitched it forward from the wall.

"My name is Payne Whitfield. I expect you know it by this time. I've come to pay a little bill I owe. In a frightful rush because, you see, to-morrow I'm starting off on a trip round the world, and there are no end of things to see to. Not an affair de luxe, you understand. Trump it, beat it, work it—that's what I've got to do. Wager with the pater. . . . I say, do forgive me. Your eyes are popping. I'm not mad—only a bit excited."

"It was all decided last night, after a sort of a row—family row. But, properly speaking, we never do row. The water gets gracefully and the pater and I—over the walnuts and wine—in suit each other in a perfectly friendly fashion. Last night was really different, though. . . . I saw, what it I owe that beastly tailor?"

Nancy stared at him blankly. Her wits were nimble enough for ordinary purposes, but this impetuous young man had confused her. People who did business with Mr. Prudd were not as a rule possessed of such velocity.

"Mr. . . . Whitfield?" she murmured. A deep blush swept her face. "I was just writing to you."

"What, again! Fancy those letters coming from you! Wish I'd known." "The account is £47 9s. 7d. But Mr. Prudd will be back any moment, and he'll settle it for me. It doesn't matter in the least, though, if you will give me a receipt. I've got the cash with me. You see, when we had that row at home last night. . . . but perhaps I'm boring you!"

"Indeed! I!" Nancy leaned forward, pressing her slender hands together. She almost forgot her own sad plight. "You're going 'round the world'! Is that really true?"

Payne Whitfield, Esq., nodded. He didn't think of asking himself why he should confide particulars of his life to a strange young woman. He was young himself, and full of the great adventure before him.

You see I'd messaged things up a bit—well, nothing but a business matter—but the pater's got it into his head that I'm not much use in the family firm unless—well, there it is! My little slate's being swabbed clean, you understand, and I'm to have a small present of a hundred pounds. I hope you'll follow me? Well, what I've got to do is to circle the globe, or travel for a year—a whole year, mind you—on that hundred and what else I can earn for myself. I'll win, get a partnership and can do pretty much what I like."

The flamboyancy flickered out a little at the end.

Payne Whitfield had stated his case up to a point, but having started—although for no reason—to take this girl into his confidence, he

should have told her many things which he left out on an important item being the story of Lady Clara Mostell.

Payne believed himself to be in love with Lady Clara, who was seven years his senior and a very beautiful, accomplished young woman. If he won his way, and the partnership mentioned, he would win, also, the right to marry Lady Clara Mostell.

Their conversation might have become still more interesting if Mr. Prudd hadn't finally elected to return when the matter of the tailor's bill was settled to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, and Mr. Whitfield, being given his receipt, had no further reason to linger.

To Samuel Prudd's surprise, he shook hands with Nancy.

"May I look you up when I get back?" he asked.

Nancy produced an inarticulate reply which might have been taken for an affirmative.

How could she, in Mr. Prudd's presence, explain that she would not be here even if Payne Whitfield, Esq., returned this day next week? Mr. Prudd showed him out.

NANCY'S NEW OPPORTUNITY.

MISS SHERIDAN, still wearing a slightly heightened colour, went on with her letters and Mr. Prudd retired to the enlarged cupboard which he called his private office.

Opening a drawer, he refreshed himself while he contemplated a certain advertisement in the Female Help Wanted column of that morning's Messenger. He had marked it with a blue pencil, and a sly, interested smile hovered at the corners of his fleshy lips as he looked it over again.

This read the advertisement:—

Titled lady, going abroad, requires immediately the services of a secretary-companion. Young person must be of good family and ladylike appearance. Excellent salary. Refs. exchanged. Reply, Countess X, Box 502, Messenger.

About a quarter of an hour before Turpin's Tavern could open for the evening seer on Mr. Prudd sounded the buzzer which summoned Miss Sheridan, and when she came in he invited her to take a seat and listen to him for a few moments.

His personal relations with Nancy had always been exemplary. This afternoon his attitude



"I'm in a frightful rush because, you see, to-morrow I'm starting off on a trip round the world," he said.

was more than ever that of the heavy father, treating the advertisement with a fat thumb he begged her to glance over it.

"Now, I know what you thought, 'dear,' he said unctuously. "I could read your mind well-enough. You thought I was giving you the book because you didn't suit. 'Proudest, 'soot' by Mr. Prudd. 'Lawd knows, I've had nothing else in my mind all day. Turning off a pretty, genteel young lady like you, and none better for work, which is the truth if I die for it. That's not a pleasant business for Sam Prudd, 'dear. And you shall stop on here if I have to pawn my last shirt, unt I find you something better. That's a straight promise from a straight man."

Nancy's lips quivered. Mr. Prudd has his faults, but there was no denying that he also had a kind heart. "It's very good of you," she murmured. "I must admit I was worried. But this. . . . there would be so many answers. I wouldn't have a chance." She glanced ruefully at the item he had given her to read.

Mr. Prudd allowed his left eyelid to droop and laid a forefinger against his Roman nose.

"What'll you bet you don't get it?" he inquired. "Listen here—I've already answered it for you, first thing this morning. Wrote myself and told the Countess X why you're leaving me and how anxious I am to get you settled in another good, respectable job. And you bet I was hot on her for her own references. I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you, Miss Sheridan. You're a good girl and I want you to stay good."

"That young spark this afternoon, 'frinstance—what do you know about that? My'n't get too chummy with any Tom, Dick or Harry who blows into a lawyer's office, 'dear. Just a word to the wise, advice; that's all I'm giving you."

Nancy blushed scarlet. "Mr. Whitfield was only telling me—"

"Telling you the tale, no doubt," Mr. Prudd looked a little anxious. "Telling you that small father could have paid his debt out of the small change in his pocket twenty times over, had he wanted to."

"No, Mr. Whitfield only said—"

"Hal!" The solicitor could not brook these interruptions. "That young fellow, a crook. I'll take my oath, and I oughtn't to've taken that money by rights. How do I know where it came from? Cash, did you notice? Not that I'd've accepted a cheque from him."

Mr. Prudd, having checked himself silently, Payne's would-be champion, gave himself pause at this point to relight the stump of his cigar.

"Now, you go home, 'dear, and get your beauty sleep to-night," he continued. "We'll hear from the Countess to-morrow, no doubt. Wear your Sunday frock to the office, so's if there is an answer—which I don't doubt there will be—you can gallop hot-foot to her ladyship and get past the winning-post before the others know they're even in the race."

He tore out the advertisement and gave it to Nancy.

"I like that bit about references exchanged. Sounds genuine. And you can bank on your Uncle Samuel looking up to his old ship's with both eyes and a pair of spectacles. 'Now trot along, 'dear."

Nancy thanked him again and was half through the doorway when he called, having taken "Oh, I forgot to ask you—how's the poor old gent at your place that I drew up the will for the other day?"

"Mr. Rockmore? He's about the same. Not very strong, but Mrs. Allen says he's always been delicate ever since he first came to board with her."

"Ah!" Samuel Prudd rubbed his nose meditatively. "Kind of you to turn that bit of business my way—if it'll do any good. Punny old chap. Very secretive, I should say. Or isn't he?"

"He doesn't talk much about himself," Nancy replied.

"Got any money to leave, do you think?" Nancy shook her head. "I'm sure I don't know. Sometimes Mrs. Allen worries for fear he's livin' on the last of a little capital. He's so careful of what he spends. But Mrs. Allen says he was always like that. He's lived with the Allens for nine years now."

"I shouldn't think he had a dollar to his name, hardly," mused Mr. Prudd. "The less an old chap like that has to leave, the fussier he is about his will. Kept me nearly two hours over a job that could've been done in five minutes, and then he kicked because I charged him thirty bob. Give the old gent my kind regards, but I wouldn't tell him about us having to part company, if I was you. Might worry him. He seems sort of fond of you."

"Yes, I think he is," Nancy said simply. "Poor Mr. Rockmore! It's so sad to think of him being all alone in the world at his age. Well, if there's really nothin' more to-night—"

"Nothing more for you, my dear, but the letters after you've gone, and Charley can post 'em. Good-night, 'dear, and sleep happy. There's always something good around the corner for us all."

Mr. Prudd waited until he was sure Nancy had left the premises, then, choosing a fresh cigar, he crossed over to Turpin's to keep an important appointment.

OLD MR. ROCKMORE.

NANCY had not far to go to reach her modest lodgings.

The neighbourhood might have been better, but it was more tolerable in winter than in summer, and close enough to Fleet-street to save omnibus fares. The Allens kept a green-grocer's shop, and over the shop there were three floors let out to lodgers. Nancy's room was the cheapest in the house, the "basic" third floor back, and her one window looked out upon Covent Garden Market. The third floor front was occupied by the old man recently discussed by Samuel Prudd.

Nancy was thoroughly at home in the Allens' house, and used to return there every evening went directly through the shop into the back kitchen-parlour, where the middle-aged couple were de-laying their tea until she appeared.

Mrs. Allen's kitchen-parlour was a miracle of tidiness, considering the numerous ornaments it possessed. There were always flowers, the overflow from the shop; there were always good things to eat, and leisure at nightfall to enjoy the comfortable warmth of the open-faced range and to read over the day's doings.

To-night Mr. Rockmore occupied the wing chair by the hearth, which was always his when he felt well enough to come down for tea. Nancy was very fond of the old man, but tonight she wanted to tell Mrs. Allen about the bad luck which had befallen her, and perhaps she would have told it if Mr. Prudd hadn't counselled care of the old man's feelings.

Yes, undoubtedly, she would have distressed poor Mr. Rockmore to know that she was losing her job. He could be told when she had captured another.

He made a patriarchal picture with his snowy beard and scanty locks to match the claid in the black broadcloth suit he always wore when

(Continued on page 12.)

(Continued from
Page 11.)

London, E.C.4.



(Coombe Hill) had a score of 69. The women who qualified in the junior division were Miss White, Miss Pollock and Miss Crowther, all of North

£25,000

for

CHILDREN
FREE

See Page 2.

THE DAILY MIRROR, Monday, August 6, 1923.

New Holiday
Serial,

"Tides of Fate," Starts on
Page 11.

The Daily Mirror

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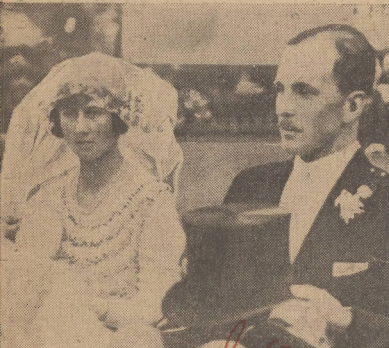
PICTURESQUE VILLAGE WEDDING OF ENGLISH DUKE'S DAUGHTER AND SCOTS EARL'S SON



Lady Anne Cavendish helps the little bride to take up the bride's train on entering the church.



The bride and bridegroom leaving the church after their wedding through a snowstorm shower of rose petals.



The bride and bridegroom photographed in the carriage just before leaving the church.



Duchess of Devonshire, mother of the bride, arriving with Earl of Moray, father of the bridegroom.



Lady Blanche Cobbold, sister of the bride, with her daughter Pamela,



Lord Burlington and Lord Andrew Cavendish, sons of the Marquis of Hartington.

Lady Rachel Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, had a very pretty wedding when she was married to the Hon. James Stuart, youngest son of the Earl of Moray.



STATIONMASTER'S VISITORS. — Coal wagon in the garden of the stationmaster's house and guard's van landed on the roof as the result of an accident at Heck Station, near Selby. An express ran into a siding and knocked the coal truck right over the dead-end with the result seen.